

The cover art depicts Thor in his classic armor, with his red cape billowing behind him. He is holding the Tesseract, which is glowing with blue energy. His blonde hair is blowing in the wind. In the background, there are other characters, including a woman in a white dress and a man in a red cape. The scene is set against a backdrop of a bright, hazy sky with some clouds and a small, horned creature in the upper right corner. The overall tone is heroic and epic.

**AARON
DAUTERMAN**

*"This is a thunderous
return for one of the best
comics being published."*

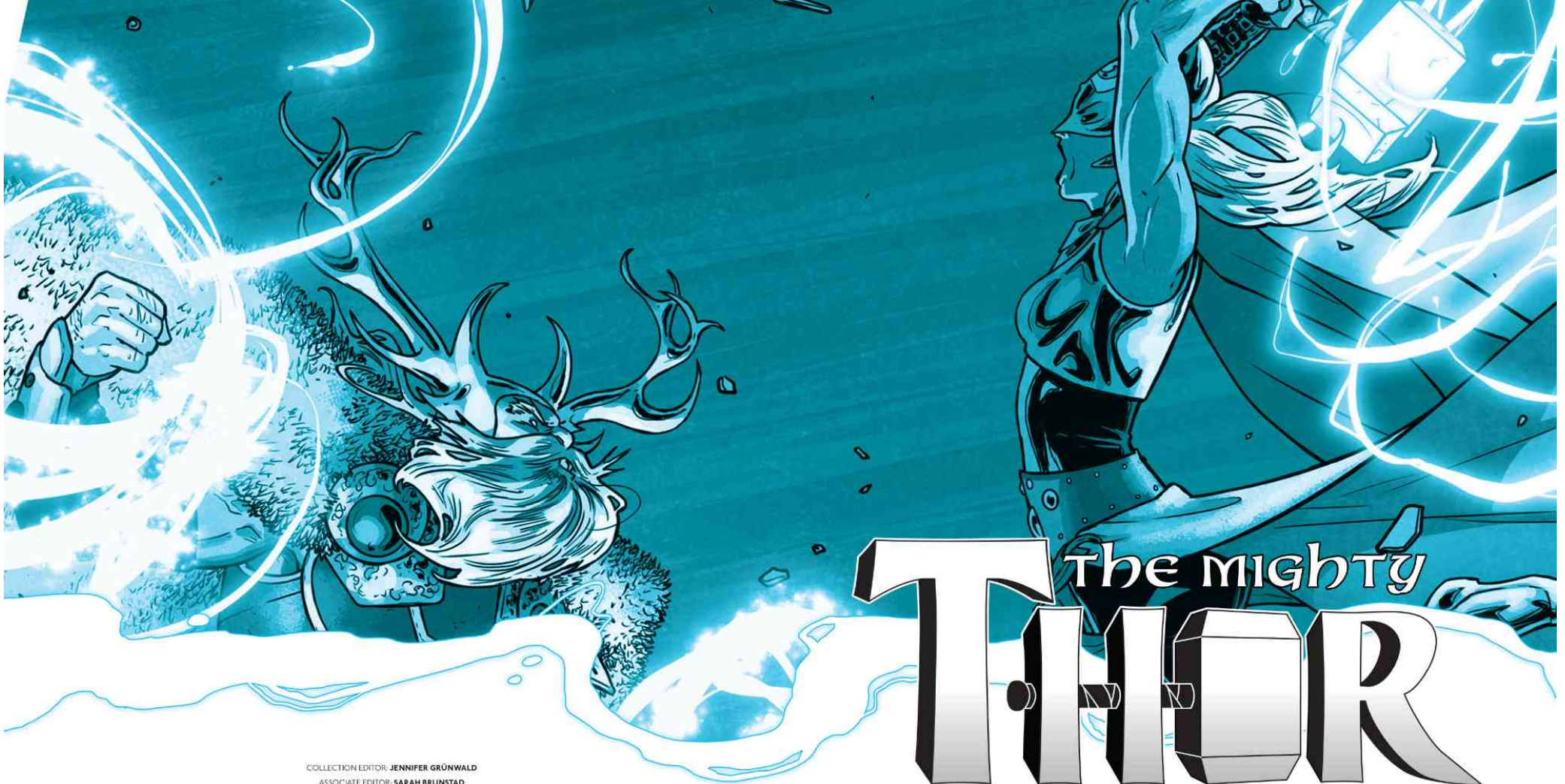
— Comicosity.com

The mighty **THOR**

THUNDER IN HER VEINS

MARVEL





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The mighty THOR

THUNDER IN HER VEINS

WHEN **DR. JANE FOSTER** LIFTS THE MYSTIC HAMMER MJOLNIR, SHE IS TRANSFORMED INTO **THE GODDESS OF THUNDER, THE MIGHTY THOR!** HER ENEMIES ARE MANY, AS ASGARD DESCENDS FURTHER INTO CHAOS AND WAR THREATENS TO SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE TEN REALMS. YET HER GREATEST BATTLE WILL BE AGAINST A FAR MORE PERSONAL FOE: THE CANCER THAT IS KILLING HER MORTAL FORM...

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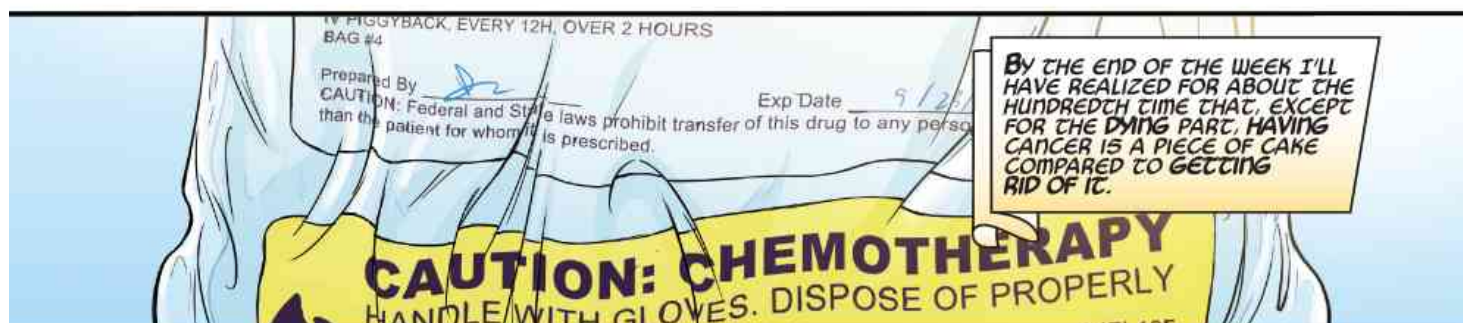
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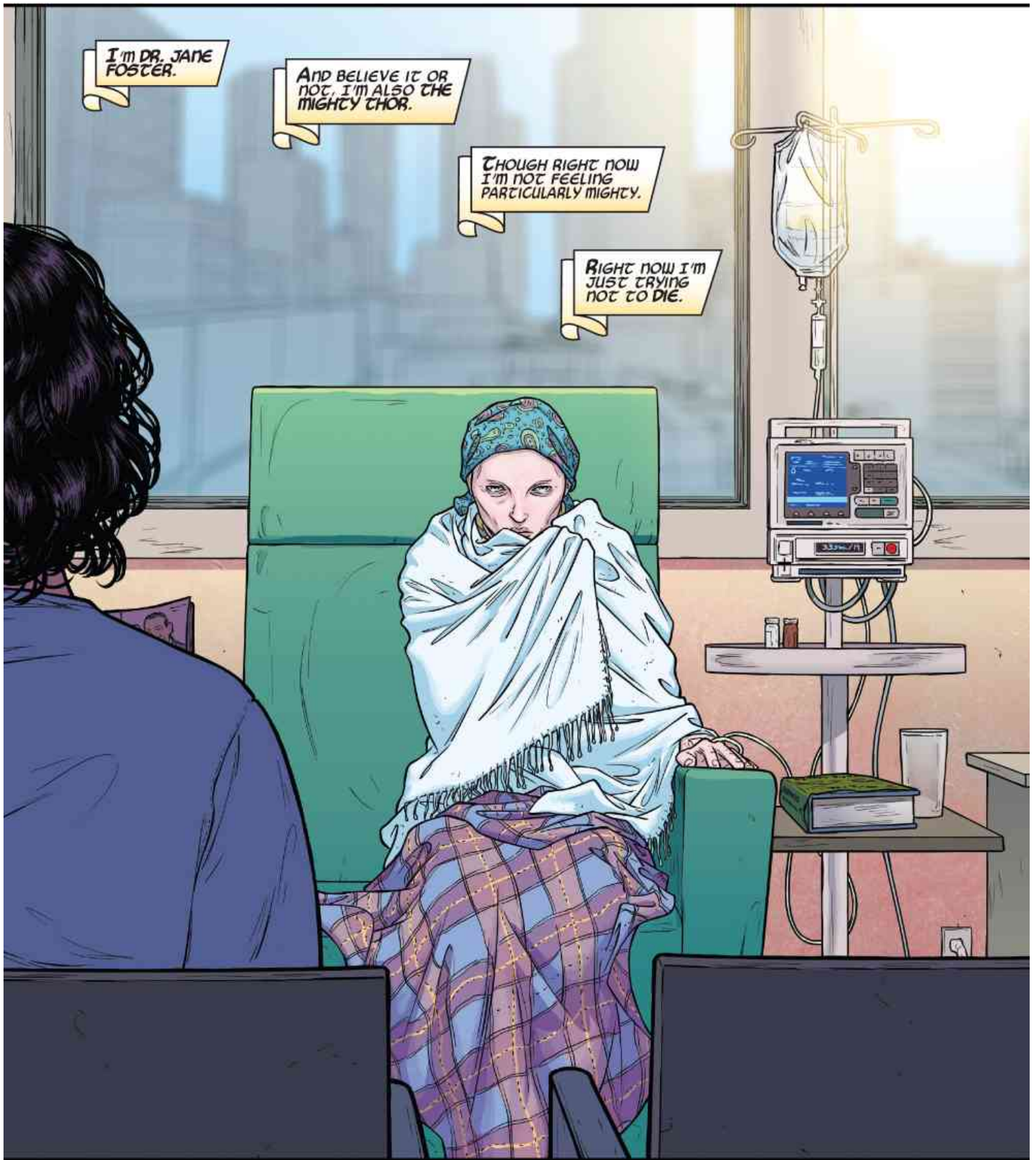


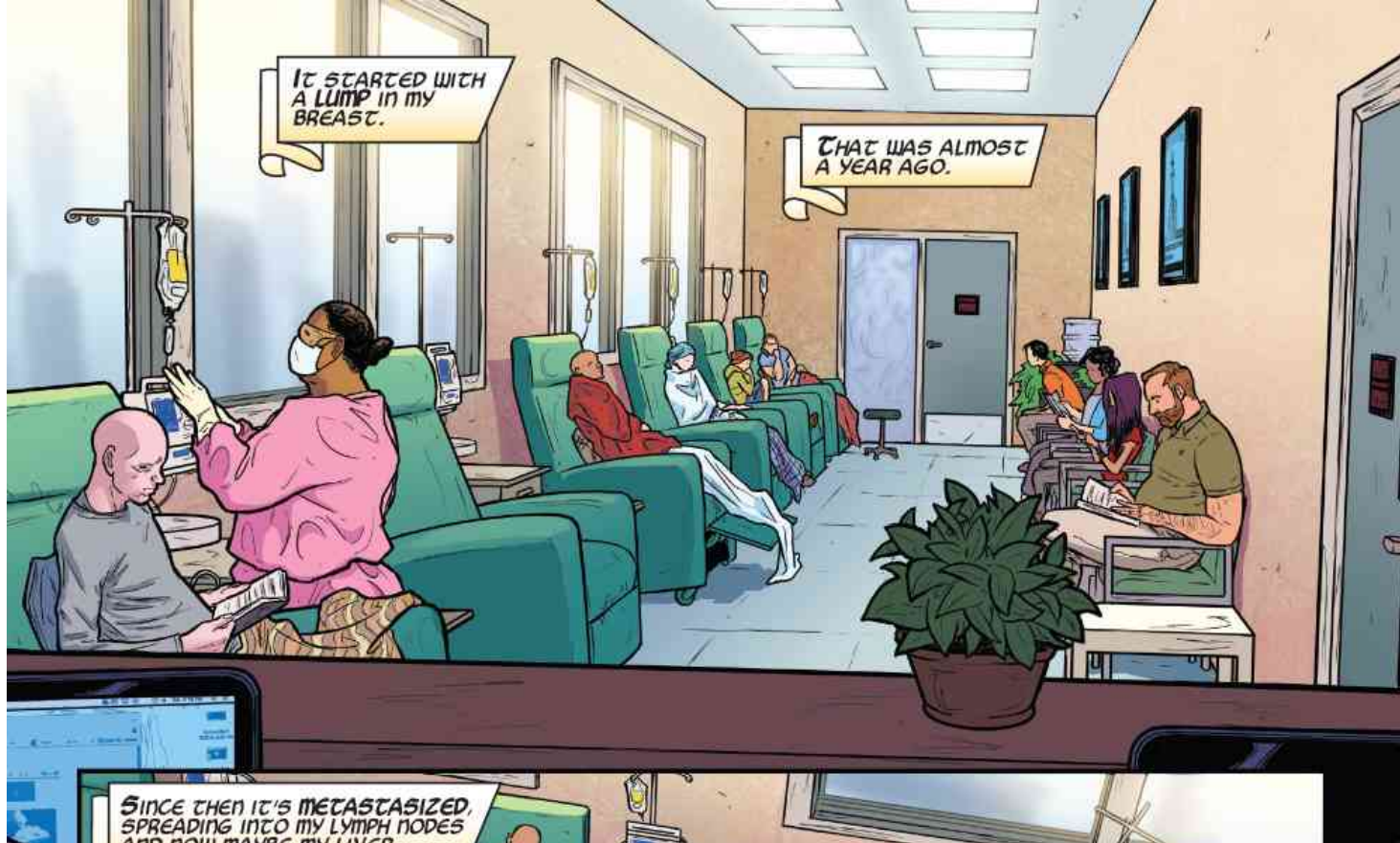
I'm DR. JANE
FOSTER.

AND BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, I'M ALSO THE
MIGHTY THOR.

THOUGH RIGHT NOW
I'M NOT FEELING
PARTICULARLY MIGHTY.

RIGHT NOW I'M
JUST TRYING
NOT TO DIE.





IT STARTED WITH
A LUMP IN MY
BREAST.

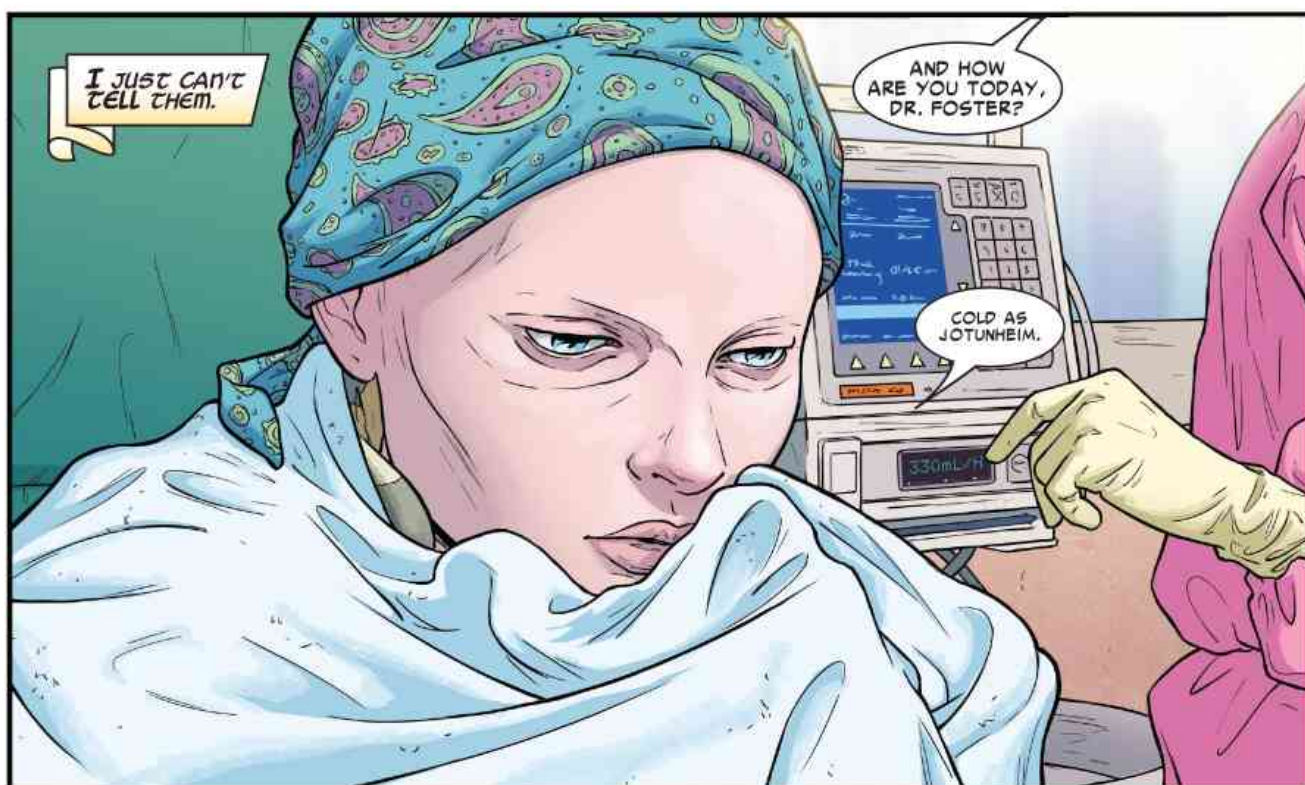
THAT WAS ALMOST
A YEAR AGO.



SINCE THEN IT'S METASTASIZED,
SPREADING INTO MY LYMPH NODES
AND NOW MAYBE MY LIVER.

THE DOCTORS DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY NONE
OF THEIR TREATMENTS
SEEM TO BE WORKING.

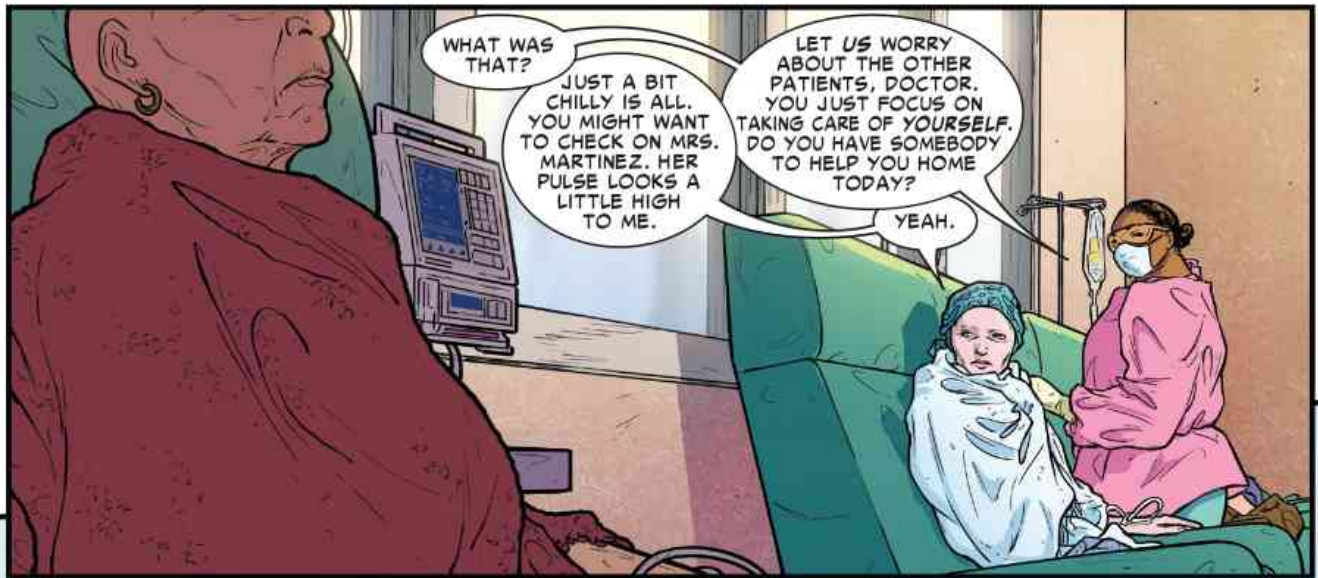
BUT
I DO.



I JUST CAN'T
TELL THEM.

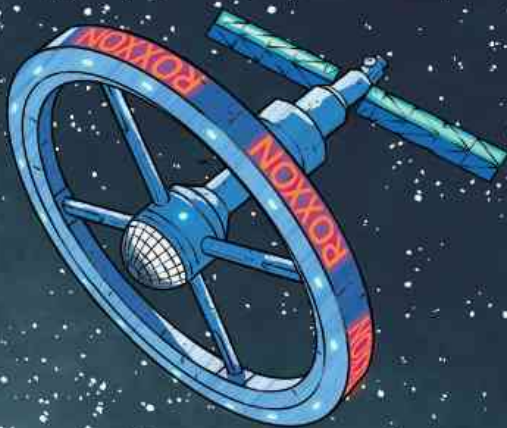
AND HOW
ARE YOU TODAY,
DR. FOSTER?

COLD AS
JOTUNHEIM.



THANKS, JON.
THIS IS WEATHERNAUT
CHRISTINE SOHN COMING TO
YOU LIVE FROM THE ROXX NEWS
STORM-TRACKING SPACE
STATION, CURRENTLY
249 MILES ABOVE
EASTERN EUROPE.

LOOKS LIKE
THUNDERSTORMS
OVER LATVERIA AND
A NASTY COLD FRONT
BLOWING THROUGH
THE BALKANS.



BUT THOSE OF
YOU IN THE GREAT
KINGDOM OF SYMKARIA CAN
LOOK FORWARD TO **SUNNY**
SKIES, THANKS TO YOUR
GOVERNMENT'S ENROLLMENT
IN THE **ROXXON**
METEOROLOGICAL
EMBETTERMENT
PROGRAM.

ROXX NEWS:
WHERE WE DON'T
JUST WATCH THE
WEATHER, WE MAKE
IT BETTER.



SO IF YOU'RE
WATCHING US FROM
SYMKARIA AND YOU'D LIKE
YOUR SKIES TREATED WITH
CLOUD DISPERSION ROCKETS
FOR MAXIMUM SUNLIGHT,
TEXT ONE ON YOUR
ROXXPHONE NOW.

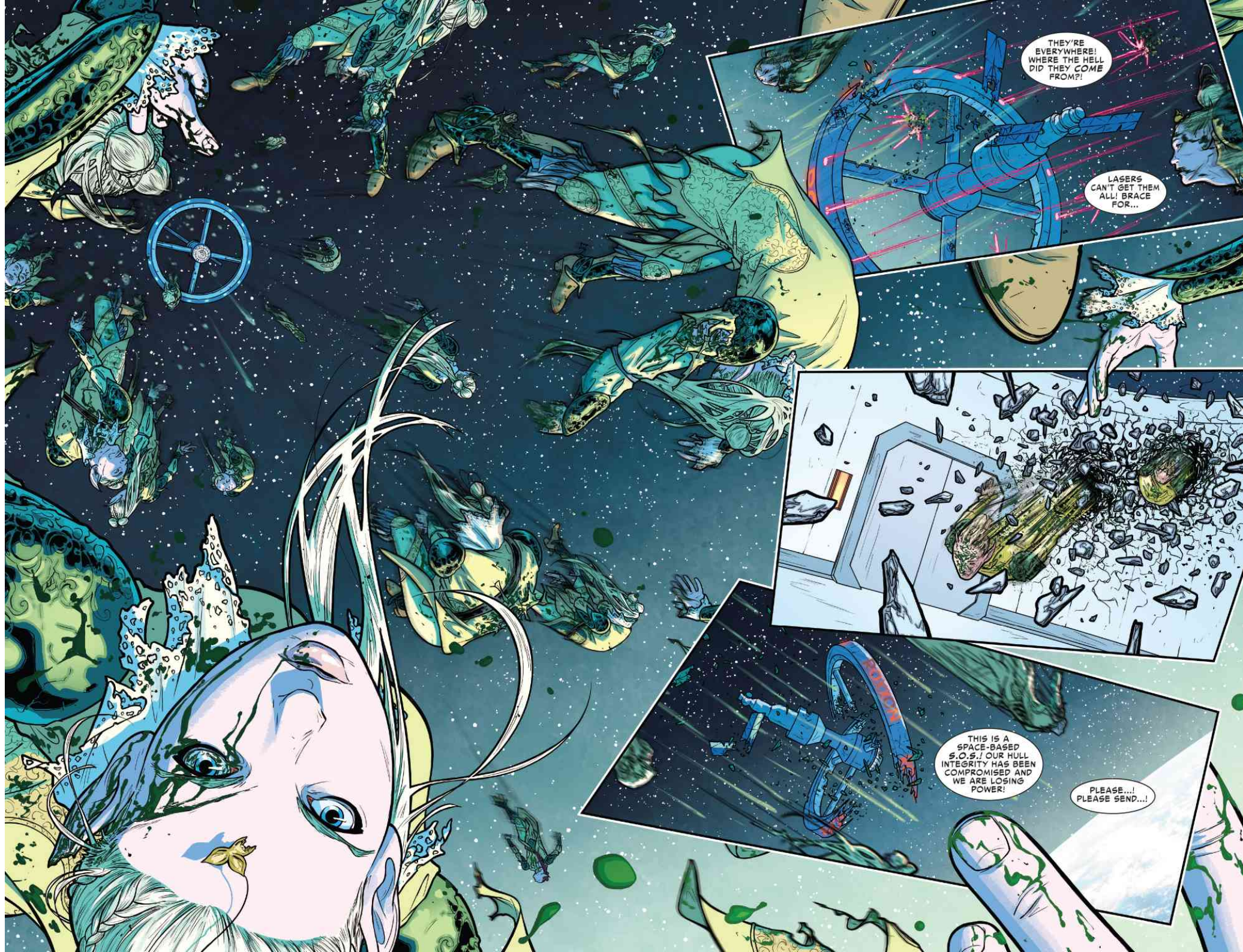
GERMANY
JUST ORDERED UP
A HAILSTORM FOR
THE NETHERLANDS.
MUST'VE BEEN QUITE
A SOCCER GAME
LAST NIGHT.

LET'S PRIME
THE SILVER IODIDE
BOMBS AND...



WUGGH!!!





THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
WHERE THE HELL DID THEY COME FROM?!

LASERS CAN'T GET THEM ALL! BRACE FOR...

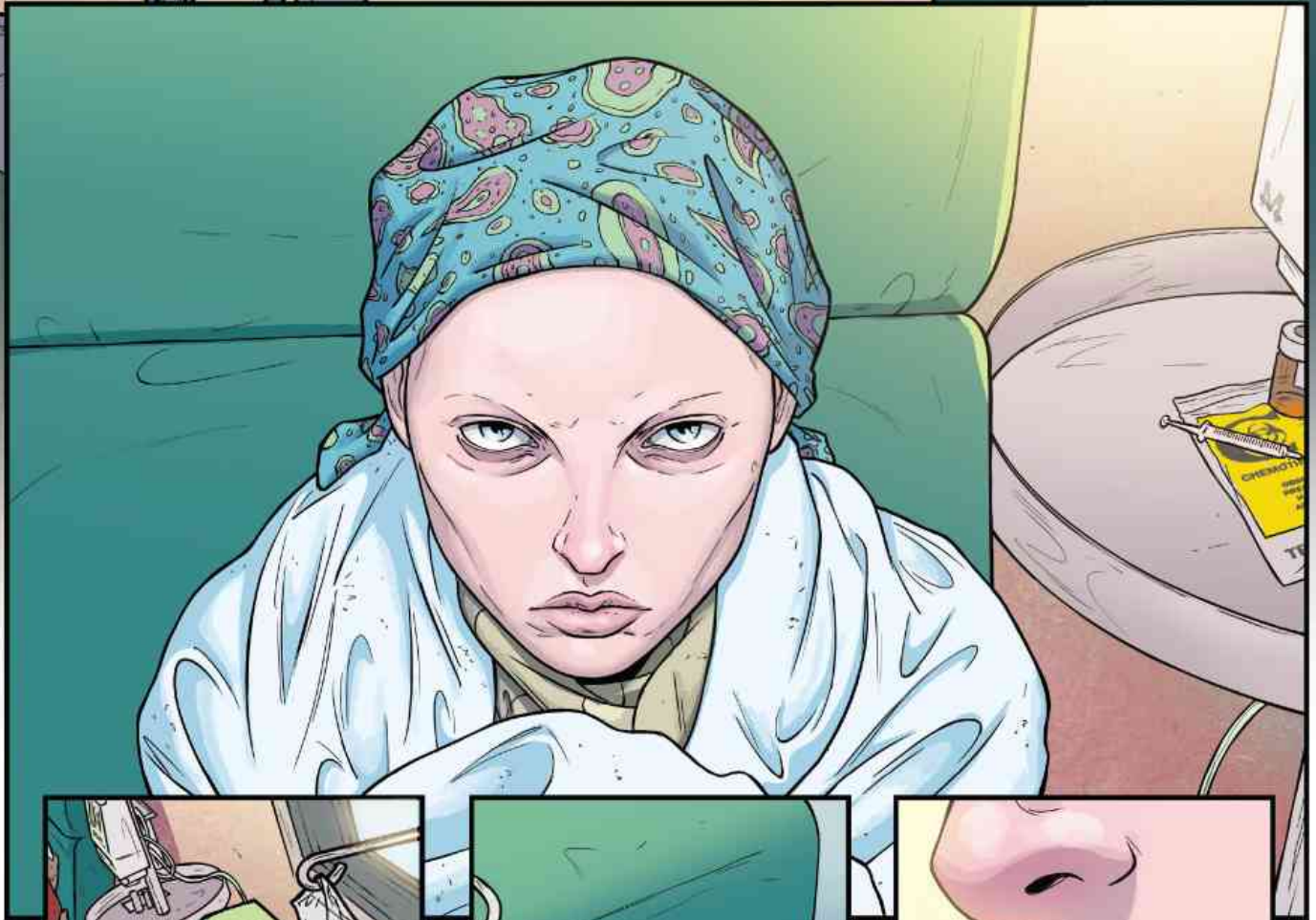


THIS IS A SPACE-BASED S.O.S.! OUR HULL INTEGRITY HAS BEEN COMPROMISED AND WE ARE LOSING POWER!

PLEASE...! PLEASE SEND...!

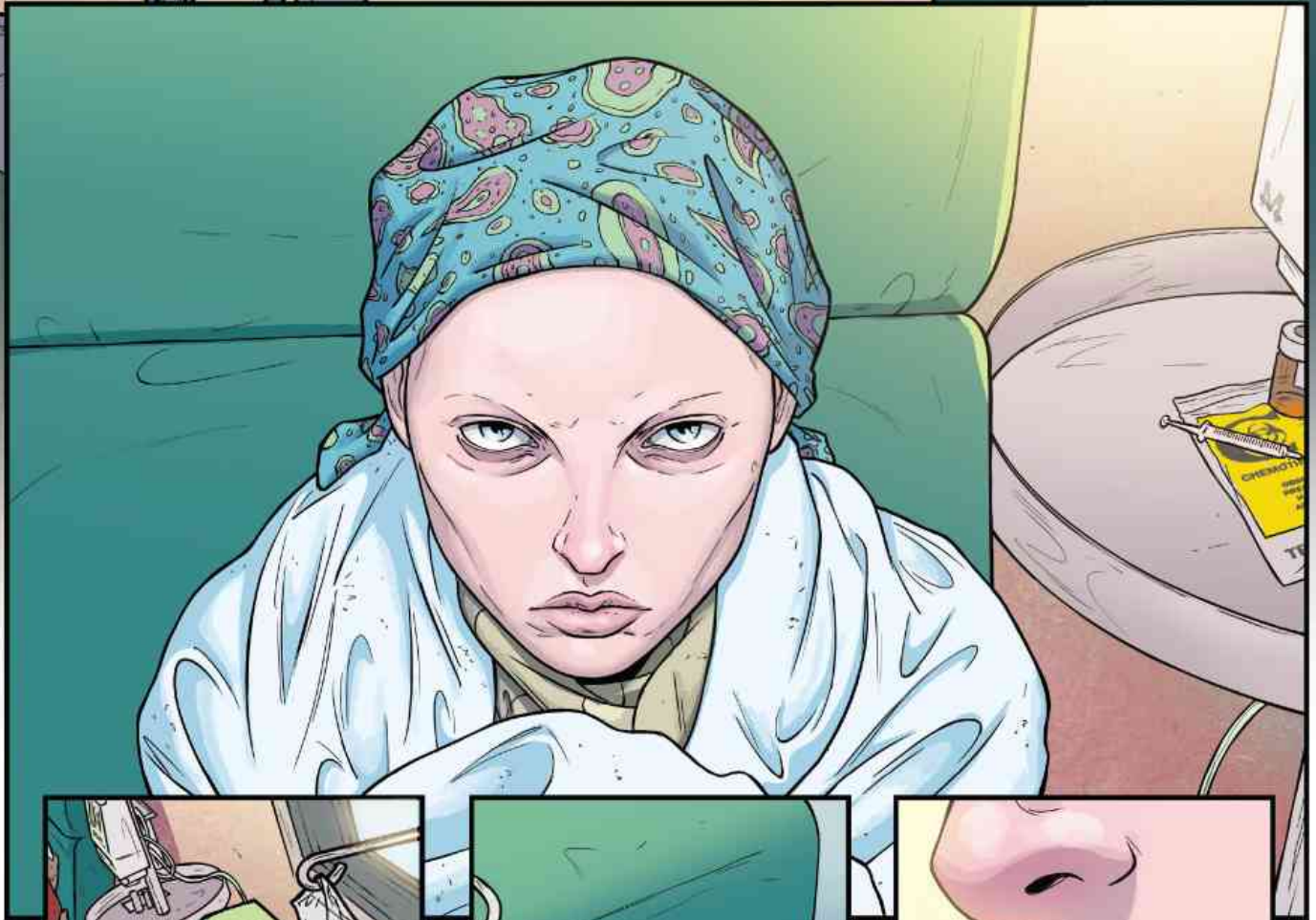
AH, APOLOGIES
TO OUR VIEWERS,
BUT IT APPEARS OUR
WEATHER STATION IS
EXPERIENCING SOME
MINOR TECHNICAL
DIFFICULTIES.

LET'S GO
INSTEAD TO THE
ROXXOR BEER
HOLOGRAPHIC
MAN-HUB FOR THE
ROXX AND JOCKS
SPORTS REPORT.



AH, APOLOGIES
TO OUR VIEWERS,
BUT IT APPEARS OUR
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INSTEAD TO THE
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SPORTS REPORT.



WELL.
MAYBE
NEXT TIME.

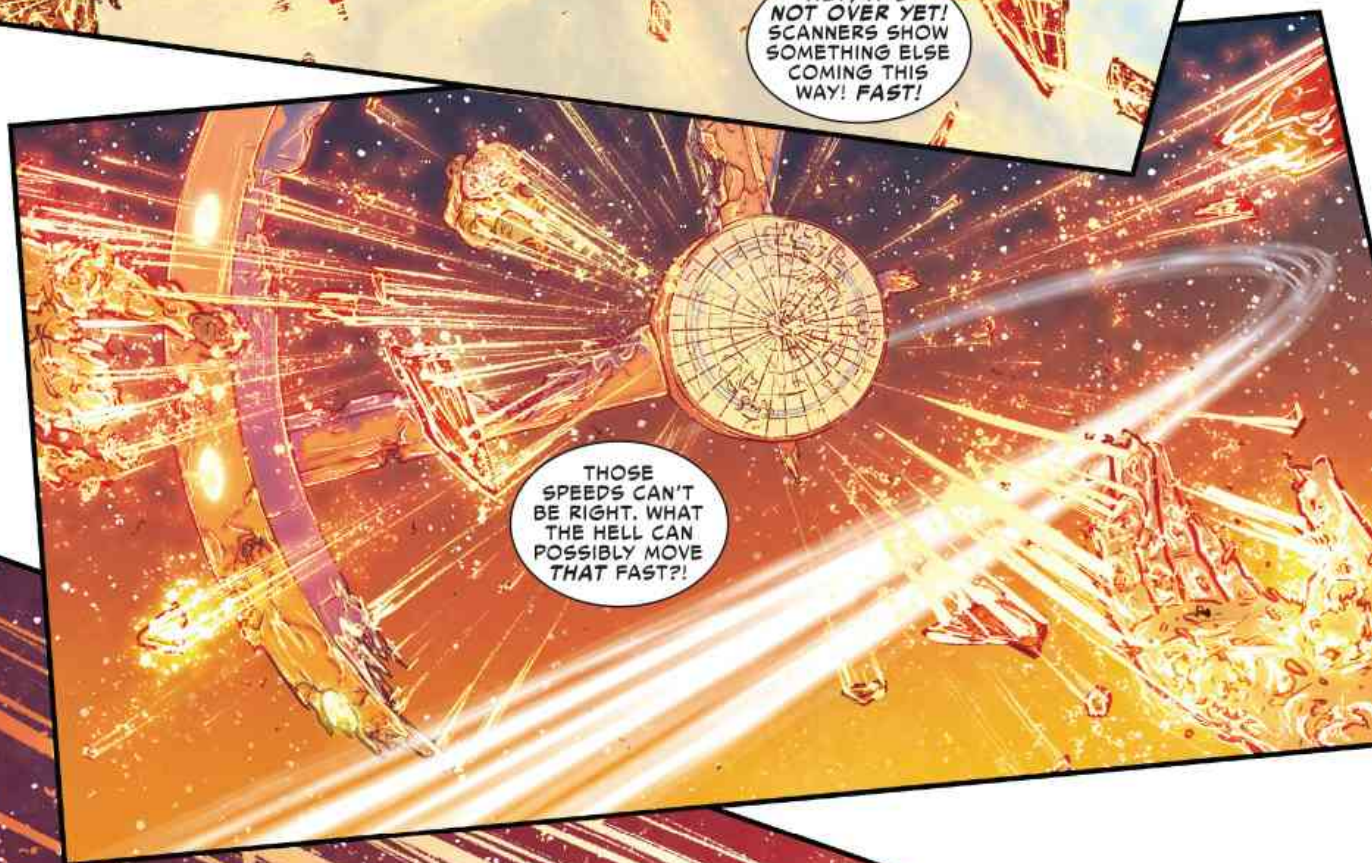


MJOLNIR.



ROXXON
COMMAND, COME IN!
WE HAVE LOST POWER
AND ARE DEORBITING!
WE NEED EMERGENCY
EVACUATION! CAN
ANYBODY DOWN
THERE HEAR ME?!

HEY, IT'S
NOT OVER YET!
SCANNERS SHOW
SOMETHING ELSE
COMING THIS
WAY! FAST!



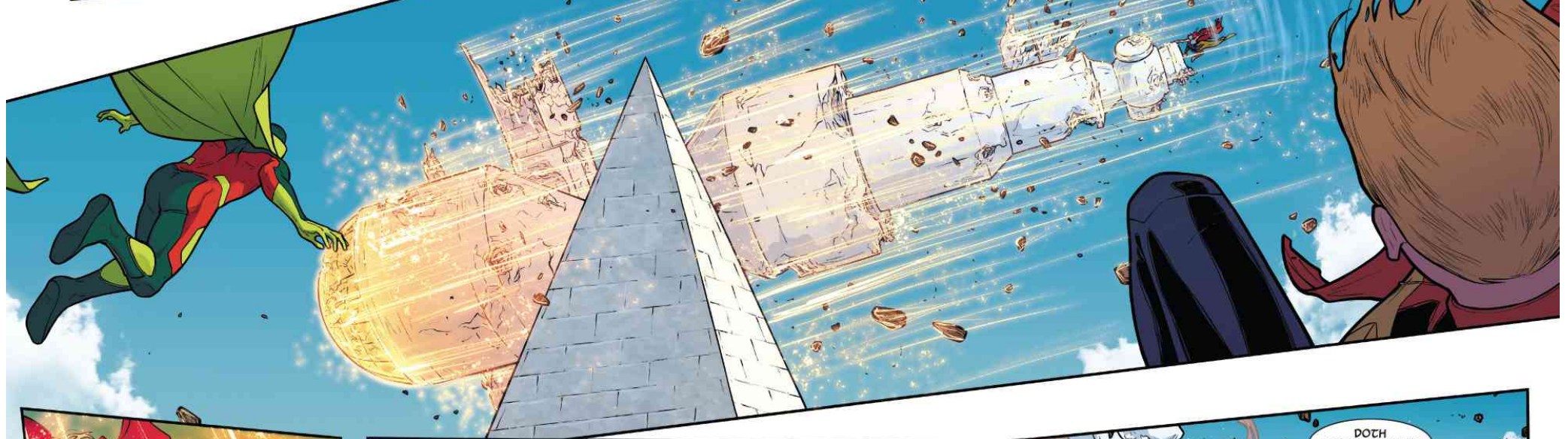
THOSE
SPEEDS CAN'T
BE RIGHT. WHAT
THE HELL CAN
POSSIBLY MOVE
THAT FAST?!







WHO KNEW DYING
COULD BE THIS
MUCH FUN?





THY CLAVICLE IS FRACTURED. TRY NOT TO MOVE. S.H.I.E.L.D. MEDICS WILL BE WITH THEE SHORTLY.

USE THIS TIME TO REFLECT ON WHY ONE SHOULD NEVER WORK FOR ROXXON.

ELVES. THERE WERE ELVES IN SPACE.

NICE WORK, THOR.

DOCTOR STRANGE SAYS HE DETECTED SOME SORT OF MAGICAL DISCHARGE IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE RIGHT BEFORE THE STATION FELL. ANY IDEA WHAT CAUSED IT?

AYE.

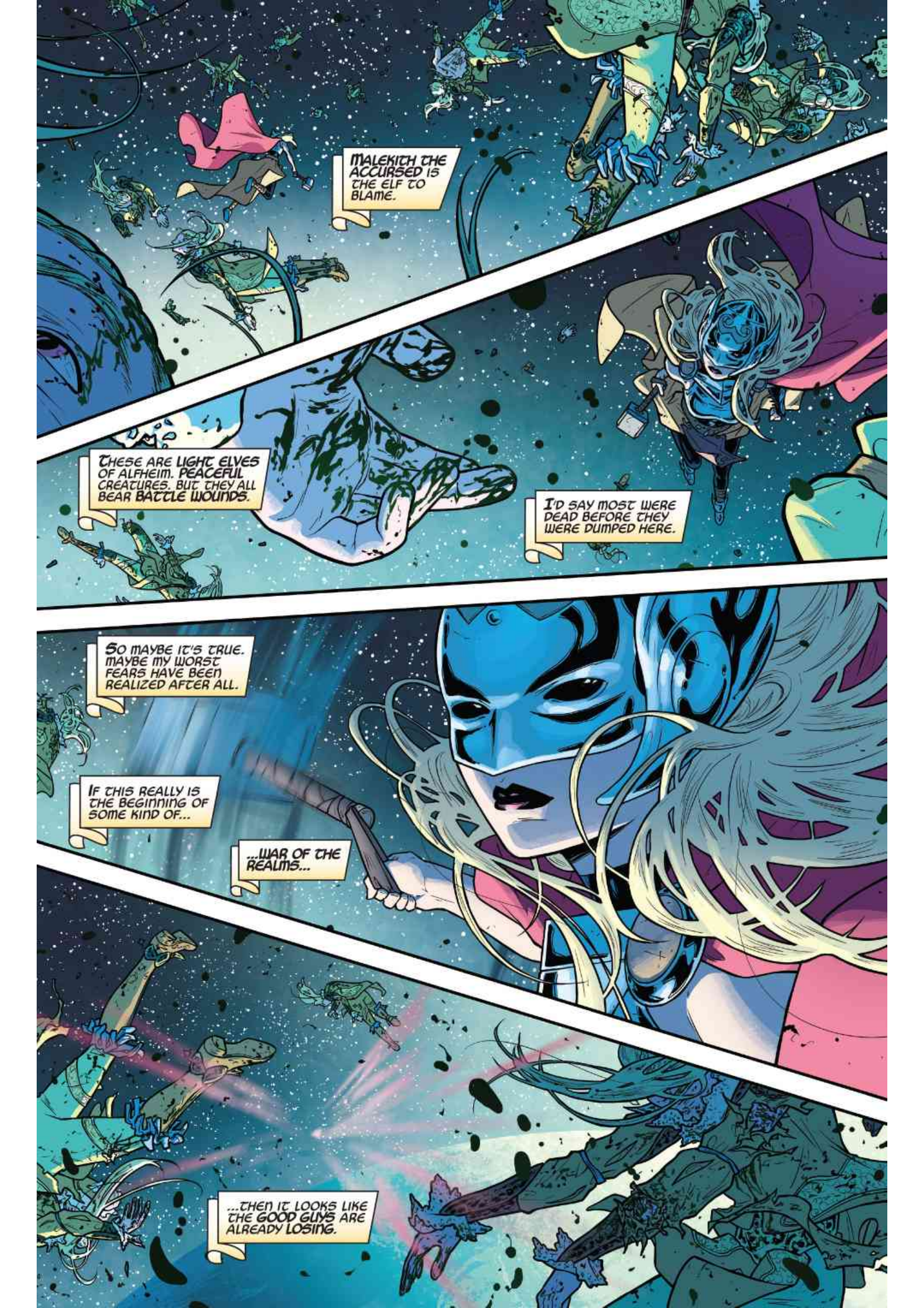
OKAY THEN. NICE CHAT.

TELL ME YOU DIDN'T JUST ASK HER OUT AGAIN.

IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE THE BASTARD POPPED HIS HEAD UP FROM HIS SWAMPS IN SVARTALFHEIM. BUT I KNOW THE STENCH OF DARK ELF WIZARDRY WHEN I SMELL IT.



WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S HAPPENING HERE, ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN...



MALEKITH THE
ACCURSED IS
THE ELF TO
BLAME.

THESE ARE LIGHT ELVES
OF ALFHEIM. PEACEFUL
CREATURES. BUT THEY ALL
BEAR BATTLE WOUNDS.

I'D SAY MOST WERE
DEAD BEFORE THEY
WERE DUMPED HERE.

SO MAYBE IT'S TRUE.
MAYBE MY WORST
FEARS HAVE BEEN
REALIZED AFTER ALL.

IF THIS REALLY IS
THE BEGINNING OF
SOME KIND OF...

...WAR OF THE
REALMS...

...THEN IT LOOKS LIKE
THE GOOD GUYS ARE
ALREADY LOSING.



I SPENT ALL MORNING IN THE HOSPITAL, INJECTING POISON INTO MY BODY. ON PURPOSE.

TOXIC CHEMICALS DESIGNED TO KILL THE CANCER CELLS GROWING INSIDE ME.



BUT AS SOON AS I PICKED UP THE HAMMER... THAT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING.

THE TRANSFORMATION NEUTRALIZES THE EFFECTS OF THE CHEMOTHERAPY. IT PURGES THE POISON FROM MY BODY.



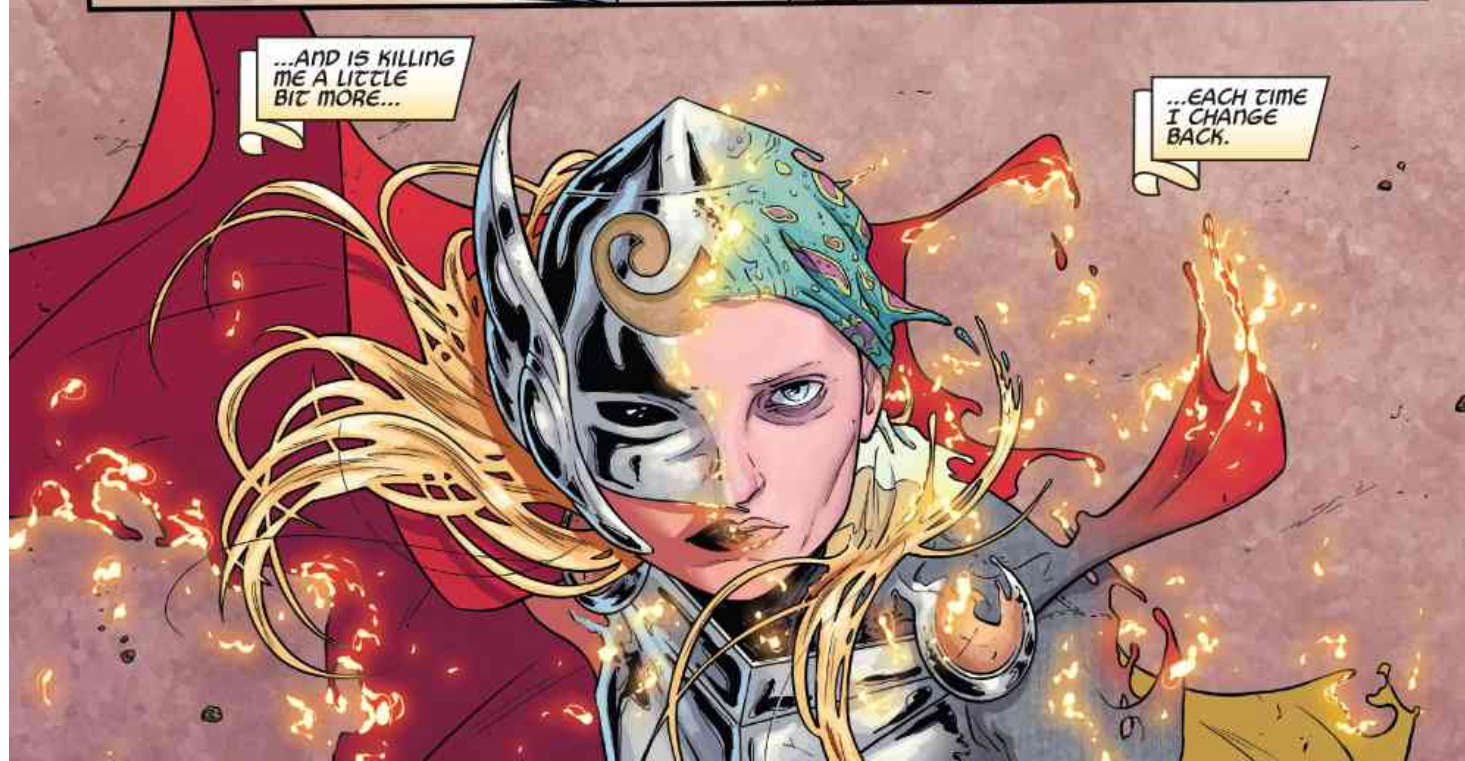
BUT NOT THE CANCER.

BECAUSE CANCER IS JUST ANOTHER PART OF ME NOW.

UNTIL NEXT TIME, MY FRIEND.

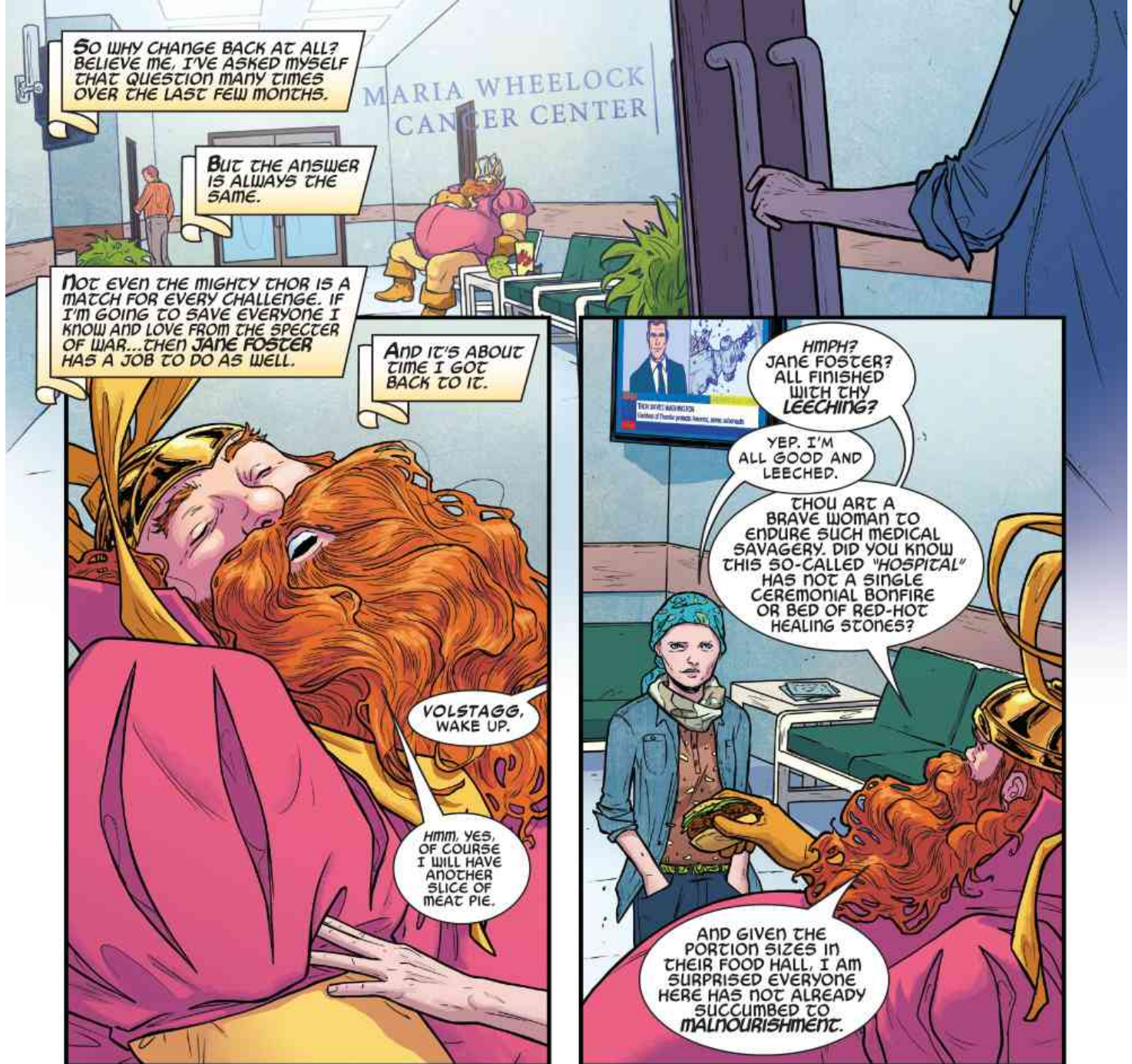


A PART THAT KEEPS GETTING BIGGER...



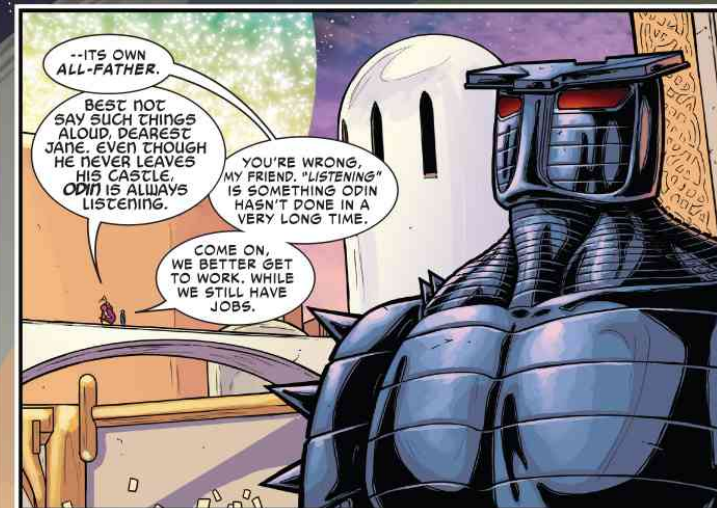
...AND IS KILLING ME A LITTLE BIT MORE...

...EACH TIME I CHANGE BACK.

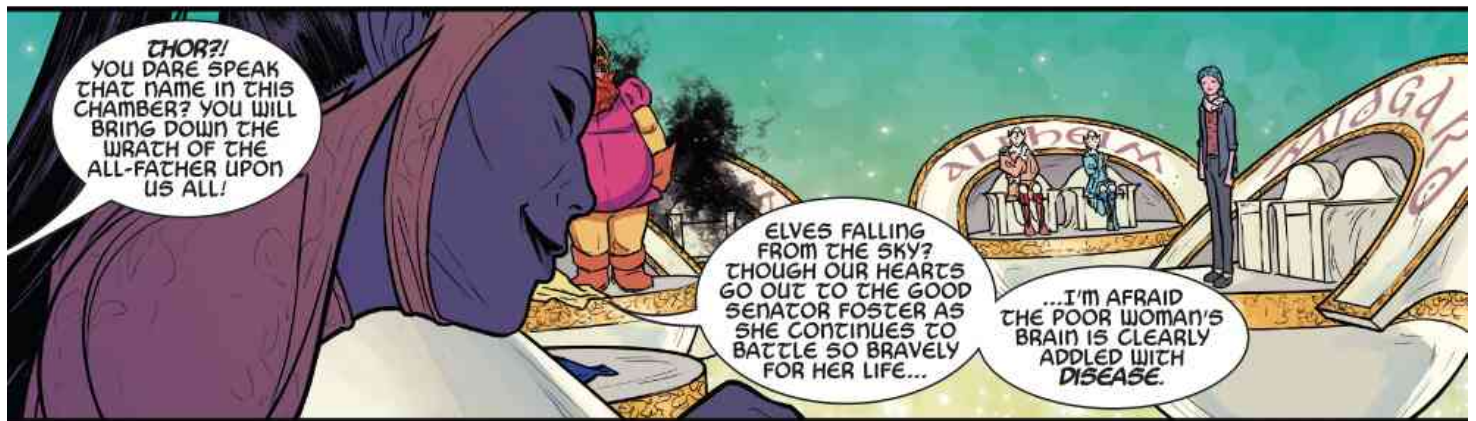


ASGARDIA.
CITY OF THE GODS.

"EVERY TIME I RETURN HERE,
IT SADDENS MY HEART A LITTLE
MORE. I DID NOT THINK I WOULD
EVER SAY THAT ABOUT THE
REALM ETERNAL. BUT ALAS..."









IT'S STARTED.
JUST LIKE YOU
FEARED.



MALEKITH
HAS INVADED
ALFHEIM. THE
ELVES ARE
AT WAR.

AS
USUAL, THEY
SAY A LOT, BUT
THEY DO NOTHING.
THEY'RE MORE
AFRAID OF
ODIN.

IF IT'S WAR,
IT WILL NOT STOP
WITH THE ELVES.
WHAT SAY THE
CONGRESS?

THEY FIGURE
IF HE'LL THROW
HIS OWN WIFE IN
JAIL FOR TREASON,
WHAT HOPE DO
THEY HAVE?



THEY'RE NOT
WRONG IN THAT
REGARD. IS MY BLESSED
HUSBAND STILL HOLED
UP IN HIS CASTLE,
HIDING BEHIND THE
DESTROYER?

WE HAVEN'T
SEEN THE ALL-
FATHER IN MONTHS.
NO ONE HAS.

YET YOU
STILL PETITION
HIM EVERY DAY
FOR MY RELEASE,
DO YOU NOT?

YOU SHOULD
STOP.



I DO NOT
IMAGINE MY HUSBAND
WOULD BE SO CRUEL AS
TO ARREST SOMEONE IN
YOUR CONDITION, BUT
THEN, I NEVER IMAGINED
HE WOULD ARREST
ME EITHER.

SAY THE
WORD, LADY
FREYJA, AND
YOU WILL BE
FREE, YOU
KNOW THAT.



SIF HAS A BAND OF WARRIORS STANDING BY. THOR WOULD BE AMONG THEM. I KNOW SHE WOULD.

AND...WHAT OF THE OTHER THOR? WHAT OF MY SON?



I'M SORRY, ALL-MOTHER, BUT...THERE'S STILL NO WORD.

HOGUN AND FANDRAL HAVE SEARCHED THE GALAXY FAR AND WIDE, BUT...

WHEREVER HE'S GONE...THE PRINCE OF ASGARD DOES NOT WISH TO BE FOUND.



ALL-MOTHER?

PLEASE, LET US GET YOU OUT OF HERE.



THERE IS ALREADY WAR ABROAD. I WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR STARTING ONE HERE.

MY HUSBAND'S DAY OF RECKONING WILL COME, BUT NOT YET.



TELL THOR... THOUGH ASGARD MAY BE WOUNDED, IT'S THE ELVES WHO ARE DYING.

HER DUTY LIES IN ALFHEIM.

"NOW PLEASE, MY LADY JANE, GET THEE TO A BED. YOU'VE DONE TOO MUCH ALREADY."

"YOU NEED YOUR *REST*."





YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME HERE.

I HAVE NEED OF THE BIFROST!



I'M AFRAID I MUST SAY THEE NAY. I SERVE ONLY THE WILL OF THE ALL-FATHER.

THE ALL-FATHER HAS GONE MAD.



YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST THOR TO STAND BEFORE ME AND SAY SUCH THINGS. I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I TOLD THE OTHER:

YOUR WORDS DO NOT CHANGE MY OATH.

YOUR EYES SEE ALL, NOBLE HEIMDALL. SO YOU *KNOW* WHAT IS HAPPENING IN ALFHEIM.



AYE. ELVES ARE DYING.

THEN YOU SEE WHY I MUST GO THERE.

I SEE WHY YOU *FEEL* THAT YOU MUST.

AND YET...YOU STILL PLAN ON STOPPING ME.

no, my lady.

THEY DO.

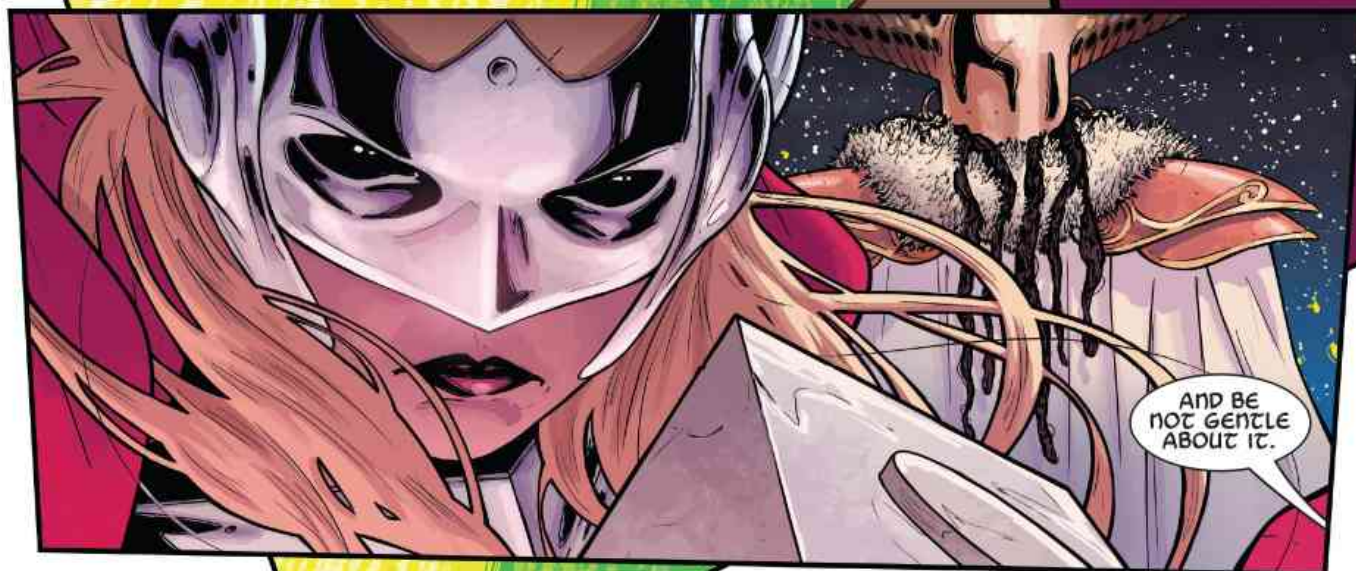


AT
LAST.

I KNEW
YOU WOULD SHOW
YOUR FACE HERE
SOONER OR LATER,
YOU THIEVING
WENCH!

AS MINISTER
OF JUSTICE, I, **CUL
BORSON**, DO HEREBY
CHARGE YOU WITH
UNHOLY CRIMES
AGAINST THE
REALM ETERNAL!

**THUNDER
GUARD!** ARREST
HER!



AND BE
NOT GENTLE
ABOUT IT.

THE YAWNING VOID.

"IT HAS **BEGUN**.
JUST AS I
PROMISED."



AS WE SPEAK,
THE ELVES OF ALFHEIM
ARE BLEEDING AND BURNING.
PARENTS ARE BURYING
THEIR CHILDREN. INFANTS
CRY FOR MOTHERS WHO
WILL NEVER COME.

SHALL WE
DRINK A TOAST,
MY FRIENDS?

TO THE
PLEASURES OF
WAR.



PARDON ME IF
I'M NOT IN THE
MOOD, BUT I DON'T
TAKE MUCH PLEASURE
FROM THE **LOSSES**
I'VE SUFFERED
TODAY.

NAMELY,
**TWO HUNDRED
BILLION DOLLARS'**
WORTH OF
LOSSES.



YOUR LITTLE
STUNT WITH THE FALLING
ELVES **DESTROYED** MY
WEATHER SATELLITE, MALEKITH.
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT
BEING PART OF
THE PLAN.

AND HOW
MUCH **OIL** DID YOUR
ROXXON WELLS PUMP
OUT OF SVARTALFHEIM
TODAY, **DARIO AGGER**?
HOW MANY PRECIOUS
RESOURCES WILL YOU
PLUNDER FROM ALFHEIM
ONCE WE'VE
CONQUERED IT?

ENOUGH
TO BUY YOURSELF
AN ENTIRE **FLEET** OF
SHINY METAL SPACE
CHARIOTS.



DUMPING HUNDREDS
OF BODIES INTO THE
SKIES OF ANOTHER REALM
WAS BOUND TO RESULT IN
SOME...COLLATERAL
DAMAGE. BUT WE ALL
AGREED IT WAS A
NECESSARY STEP.

THOR WILL
COME TO US
NOW. THE QUESTION
BEFORE US TODAY
IS...HOW WOULD THIS
COUNCIL LIKE TO
GREET HER?



I OFFER FORTH A POSSIBLE ANSWER.

ONE HAS COME BEFORE US TODAY, SEEKING ADMITTANCE TO OUR **DARK COUNCIL**.

I BELIEVE YOU ARE ALL FAMILIAR WITH HIS RESUME.



ULIK, KING OF THE TROLLS, WHAT SAY YOU?

AND WHAT OF OUR NEW FRIENDS FROM MUSPELHEIM?

ALL GODS WILL BURN WHEN THE QUEEN OF CINDERS RISES FROM HER THRONE OF FIRE.

HEH. SURE. IF WE'RE LUCKY, THEY'LL KILL EACH OTHER.



I'LL TAKE THAT AS A **MAYBE**.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE KING OF THE GIANTS?

YOUR VOTE CARRIES MORE WEIGHT THAN OTHERS... FOR **OBVIOUS** REASONS.



LAUFHEY SAYS NAY. THIS ONE CANNOT BE TRUSTED.

VERY TRUE. BUT WHAT IF WE WERE TO CONSIDER THIS A **TRIAL** OF SORTS?

A full-page comic book illustration of Loki. He is standing in a dark, starry space, wearing his signature Asgardian crown with two large horns. He has a slight, knowing smile and is dressed in a dark blue tunic with a fur collar and ornate gold-colored shoulder guards. In his left hand, he holds a glowing green scepter with a bright, circular light at its tip. A large, pale blue hand with long, slender fingers reaches out from the bottom left corner, gesturing towards him. The background is a deep black with vibrant blue and purple nebulae and star clusters. Three speech bubbles are positioned on the left side of the page, and two are on the right.

IF **LOKI** WISHES
TO JOIN THE DARK
COUNCIL, ALL HE
MUST DO...

...IS **MURDER
CHOR.**

WHAT SAY
YOU TO THAT,
GOD OF LIES?

I SAY...

IT FEELS
GOOD TO BE
BAD AGAIN.